

How I did thrive in this faire Ladies loue,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it Othello.

Othe. Her Father lou'd me, oft intired me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaille, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue past.

I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
Toth'very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chancs:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth escapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours historie.

Wherein of Antars vast, and Defarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whose head touch heauen,
It was my hint to 'speake. Such was my Proesse,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Antropophagie*, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to heare,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:

But still the house Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come againe, and with a greedie care
Deuoure vp my discourse. Which I obseruing,

Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not instinctiue: I did consent,

And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kisses:

She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wist she had not heard it, yet she wist
That Heauen had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,

I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I spake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lou'd her, that she did pittie them.

This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vse,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her speake?
If she confesse that she was halfe the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie, as my Mother shew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may profess
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;

I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your sake (Iswell)
I am glad at soule, I haue no other Child;
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.

Duke. Let me speake like your selfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a grise, or step may helpe these Louers.
When remedies are past, the griefes are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a Mischeefe that is past and gon,
Is the next way to draw new mischiefe on.

What cannot be prefer'd, when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Injury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that smiles, steales something from the Thiefe,
He robs himselfe, that spends a bootlesse griefe.

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We looke it not so long as we can smile:
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he beares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore Patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruiz'd heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beseech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a most mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is
best knowne to you. And though we haue there a Substi-
tute of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more
soueraigne Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safer
voice on you: you must therefore be content to stubbe
the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stub-
borne, and boystrous expedition.

Othe. The Tirant Custome, most Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,
I finde in hardnesse: and do vndertake
This present Warres against the *Ottomites*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With such Accomodation and besort
As leuels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?
Bra. I will not haue it so.
Othe. Nor I.
Des. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most Graious Duke,
To my vnfoldng, lend your prosperous care,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
To assit my simplenesse.

Duke. What would you *Desdemona*?
Des. That I loue the Moore, to liue with him,
My downe-right violence, and storme of Fortunes,

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May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
I saw *Othello's* viage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.

So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
And I a heauie interia shall support
By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her haue your voice.
Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.

But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thinke
I will your serious and great businesse scant
When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toyces
Of feather'd Cupids, seele with wanton dulnesse
My speculative, and offic'd Instrument:
That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
Let Houle-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and base aduersities,
Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall priuately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaire cries haste:
And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night.
Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leaue some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you.

Othe. So please your Grace, my Ancient,
Aman be is of honesty and trust:
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall thinke
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so:
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farr more faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braue Moore, yfe *Desdemona* well.
Bra. Look to her (Moore) if thou hast ries to see:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honest *Iago*,
My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best aduantage.

Come *Desdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of Loue, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee. We must obey the the time. *Exit.*

Rod. *Iago*.
Iago. What said thou Noble heart?
Rod. What will I do, thinke'st thou?
Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.
Iago. If thou dost, I shall neuer loue thee after. Why
thou silly Gentleman?

Rod. It is fillynesse to liue, when to liue is torment:
and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is
our Physition.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world
for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish

betwixt a Benefic, and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that
knew how to loue himselfe. Ere I would say, I would
drowne my selfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would
change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our selues that we are
thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Ner-
tels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hisope, and weede vp Time:
Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with
many: either to haue it sterill with idlenesse, or manu-
red with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable au-
thoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues
had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensu-
alitie, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would
conduct vs to most prepostrous Conclussions. But we
haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
Strings, or vnbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you
call Loue, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a Lust of the blood, and a permission
of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown
Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profess'd me thy Friend,
and I confesse me knit to thy deseruing, with Cables of
perdurable roughnesse. I could neuer better steed thee
then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
Warres, defeat thy fauour, with an vsurp'd Beard. I say
put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona*
should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in
thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence-
ment in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Seque-
stration, put but Money in thy purse. These Moores
are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money.
The Food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts,
shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She
must change for youth: when she is sated with his body
she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo-
ney in thy purse: If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do
it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo-
ney thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, be-
twixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venerian be
not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drow-
ning thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Secke thou ra-
ther to be hang'd in Compassing thy ioy, then to be
drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on
the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I haue
told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I
hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse
reason. Let vs be coniuunctiue in our reuenge, against
him. If thou canst Cuckold him, thou dost thy selfe a
pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euent in the
Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go,
prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to mor-
row. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meete i'th morning?
Iago. At my Lodging.
Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Roderigo*?
Rod. Ile sell all my Land. *Exit.*
Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such Snppe,

But